



*The*  
*Nightingale*  
1922-1923







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1923

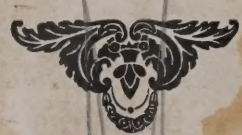
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# The Nightingale

1922-1923

24-4-23

Published by SENIOR CLASS  
ST. VINCENT'S TRAINING  
SCHOOL of NURSING



Volume 1



## DEDICATION



To a Woman  
Who holds the love, admiration  
and respect of us all; a  
pioneer educator of the  
Nursing Profession,  
and a woman of  
good parts,  
SISTER BERNARD,  
in token of our  
heart felt esteem, we inscribe this  
our first Annual.



1922

# THE NIGHTINGALE

1923

ST. VINCENT'S TRAINING SCHOOL OF NURSING

## The Editorial Staff



IRENE POWELL.....Editor in Chief

VIRGINIA RICHARDSON.....Assistant Editor in Chief

SISTER BERNARDA.....Business Manager







## St. Vincent's Infirmary

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

*Conducted by the*

SISTERS OF CHARITY OF NAZARETH

### HISTORICAL SKETCH OF INFIRMARY

The year 1888 chronicles Little Rock, Arkansas, as one of the most prominent and promising cities of the Southwest. The capital city of the infant State of Arkansas, with a growing population of over 50,000, the center of all activities, social, financial, industrial, agricultural, educational and religious, of a state area over 53,000 square miles, with a registration of over 1,000,000 people.

One essential feature of community welfare was wanting, there was not a modern hospital in the state.

Out from the mind and heart of the late Bishop Fitzgerald came the establishment of St. Vincent's Infirmary at Little Rock. He purchased the old George property on East Second street, close to the Rock Island



station. When it was renovated and equipped for its new purposes, came the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, from Nazareth, Kentucky, to work out their charitable vocation among the ill and injured of Arkansas. They began their appreciated ministrations in what was then the first St. Vincent's Infirmary, on May 17, 1888.

The scope of the helpfulness of these Sisters is constant, the doing unto others, all that effort, skill and patient sacrifice may accomplish. Their success in the first St. Vincent's Infirmary was such, that a larger and more adequately equipped institution soon became a necessity and St. Vincent's, on Capitol Hill, became the objective of the ill-stricken people of not only Little Rock, but the whole State of Arkansas.

The St. Vincent's of today represents three periods of successful administration. The first, following the construction of what was at the time considered a most commodious hospital plant, the main frontage structure with its two lateral wings, seemingly adequate for many years. The cornerstone of this first section was placed on September 13, 1899.

By 1906 the Infirmary was taxed beyond its efficient capacity. One of the first to recognize this fact was the newly appointed Bishop of Little Rock, the successor of the deceased Bishop Fitzgerald, the Rt. Rev. John B. Morris, D.D. Upon his solicitation and with his generous cooperation, the Sisters of St. Vincent's doubled the bed capacity by extending the main building westward and squaring it off with two lateral wings corresponding to those in front. This addition provided more beds, supplied the urgent demands for private rooms and gave to the Sisters and the nurses more convenient working and living accommodations. The new section was designated as "The Annex," and it now tells the story of St. Vincent's second successful period.

The years of the Great War gave to Little Rock its great congestion of people and activities. Camp Pike was located over on Belmont Hill, one of the largest of the Federal cantonments, with its seventy to eighty thousand officers and soldiers, making of the city a veritable beehive for the swarming thousands of its own and transient workers, traders and traffickers in the things of war. It gave, too, to Little Rock, the responsibilities of an over-populated municipality.

The preservation of the health of soldier and civilian was the *sine qua non* of these martial days, and every agency was enlisted which would spell efficiency, strength and morale. Patriotism and the fulness of self-sacrifice permeated the national atmosphere, and nowhere was its inhalation more pronounced than at St. Vincent's Infirmary, Little Rock. As a most competent auxiliary, in patriotism and with keen enthusiasm, this institution sent forth the graduated nurses from its training school to



the camps, over the seas, even to the fore of the cobating sectors, while at St. Vincent's the Sisters, with the decreased nursing corps, "did their bit" in taking care of the soldiers and the civilians when illness or injury forced them to obtain relief. The influenza scourge of those days came and went at St. Vincent's as just one of the havocs war was playing with its busy band of Sisters, doctors and nurses. To them it was war and work, efficiency and loyalty, and through them St. Vincent's proved its patriotism and its worth. Well may those days count as of its second successful period, with the completion of "the annex" and the co-operative efficiency it gave to the government, to the state and to the city when efficiency was a patriotic premium. Here may be noted the establishment of St. Vincent's School of Training for Nurses in October, 1906, from which have graduated 172 young women adequately equipped in skill and method, qualified in morals and ethics to attain the end of their salutary and laudable vocation.

The initial year of general world reconstruction found St. Vincent's again doing its part. Here begins the third period promising of continued success as far as certain reconstruction and present construction show to date. Both of these features have pertinent exhibits for those interested in this institution. There is the organization of the Infirmary staff, the award of Class A distinction by the American College of Surgeons, the structural renovation allowing for the establishment of the Maternity Department, and now at the close of 1922 the completion of the attractive and stately Home for Nurses.





## OUR FOREWORD

---

**A**S the years advance and we approach the evening of life, we shall often wish to go back in spirit to the days of our youth. Since we may not then be able to recall all the pleasures of our training school days, and may forget some little joys, which may mean so much to us, and which in retrospect, hallowed by years of memory, may mean even more, we have taken this means of perpetuating all our joys and also our trials. Though we may realize that there are short comings in the make-up of this, our first Annual, we shall always treasure its pages and we trust that this memory book will keep alive within us the sweet spirit of our Alma Mater.



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RT. REV. J. B. MORRIS, D. D.  
Bishop of Little Rock, Ark.



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RT. REV. THOS. B. TOBIN, D. D.  
Present Chaplain



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REV. HERMAN H. WERNKE  
Chaplain from 1915-21



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DR. DEWELL GANN, JR.

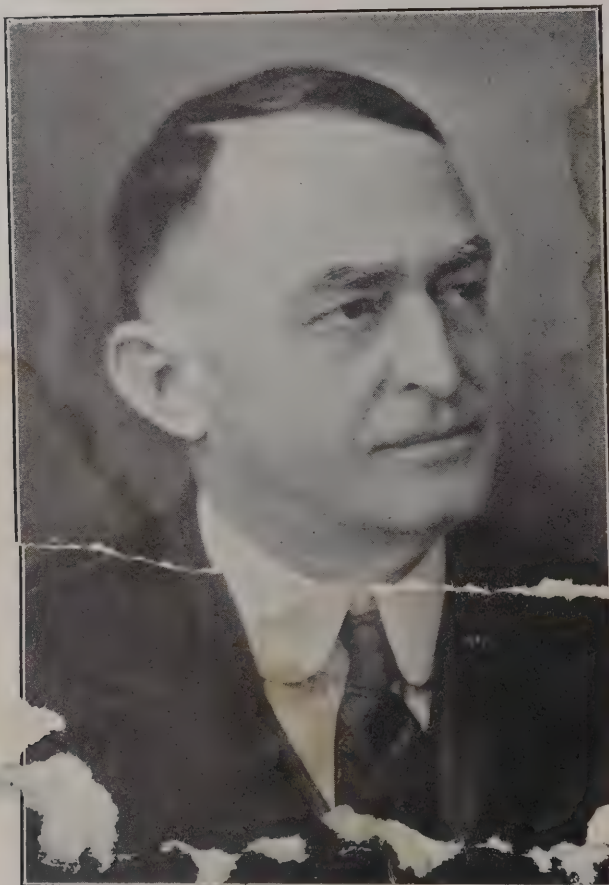


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DR. C. E. BENTLEY



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DR. O. K. JUDD



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DR. ROBT. CALDWELL



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DR. M. McCASKILL



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DR. GEO. JACKSON



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DR. RHINEHARDT



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MR. M. J. KILBURY, B. S.



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MISS MABLE McCracken, R. N.

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MISS ELIZABETH SHERIDAN, R. N.



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MISS W. HOAG, PHARMACIST

## TOASTS

### TO THE STAFF:

Here's to the Staff, each and all,  
Who answers always to duty's call.  
Those who seek their advice  
They can cure them in a trice.  
There are many Doctors score by score,  
But with these we ask for no more.

### TO DOCTOR GANN:

Here's to him who is made of the proper stuff,  
To have him around is joy enough.

### TO DOCTOR BENTLEY:

He has been, is now, and will continue to be,  
The very best surgeon in our city.  
He doesn't stoop to conquer nor tiptoe to be seen,  
A man of skill, gentle grace, and intellect keen.  
Here's to him whose face has an honest grin;  
We always know him by "Hello, Friend!"

### TO DOCTOR McCASKILL:

Here's to a man whom fate has blessed  
By enjoying Life at its best.

### TO DOCTOR JACKSON:

He puts you to sleep with the greatest ease,  
So the Doctors can cut on you as much as they please.  
Without his ether he could anaesthtize—  
With what?— a sunny smile and those eyes.



## TOASTS—Continued

## TO THE SISTERS:

To the Sisters who are the guide and promoters of the development of better nurses, who aim always at training souls worthy to compete with suffering humanity, who desire to create a firm Christian foundation for us and our followers, who think the most good, speak the least ill; they are the Sisters of Charity.

## TO SISTER BERNADA:

So nigh to grandeur is her trust;  
So near to God her hand;  
When duty whispers, "low thou must,"  
She answers, "Dear Lord, I can."

## TO MISS SHERIDAN:

She came to us one day  
From a city far away,  
A gift from God above  
Whom we cherish and love.

## TO OUR "LITTLE MOTHER":

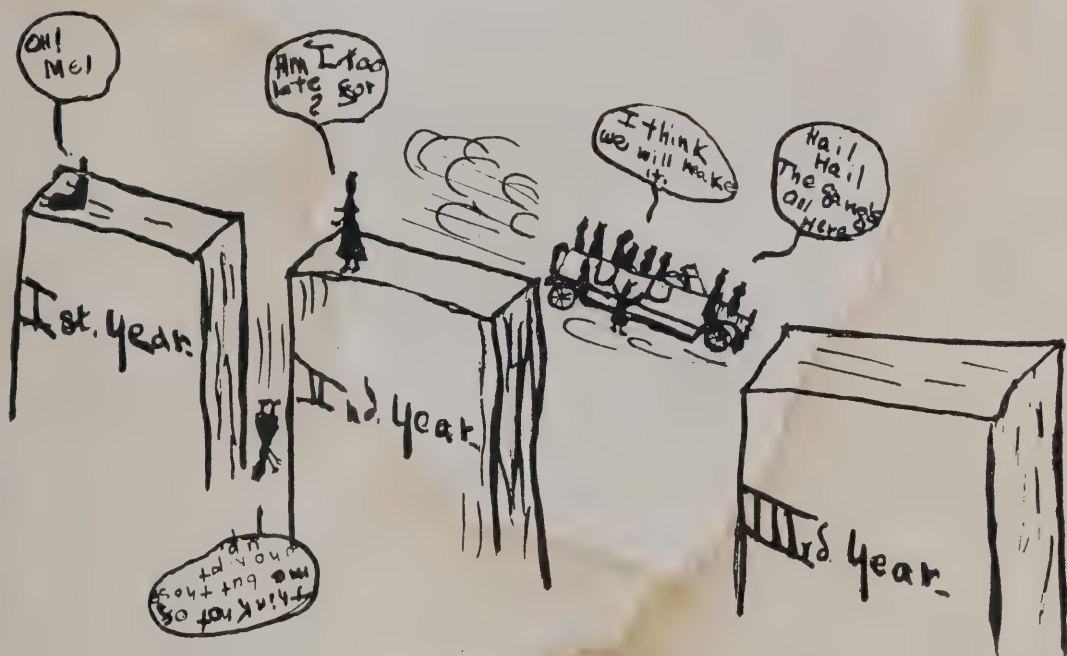
Here's to a woman  
With an aim from above,  
Who has given to us  
A mother's love.

## Faculty



MR. M. J. KILBURY, B. S.  
MISS WINONA HOAG  
M. D. OGDEN, M. D.  
M. E. McCASKILL, M. D.  
O. K. JUDD, M. D.  
A. W. STRAUSS, M. D.  
HOMER SCOTT, M. D.  
JAMES DIBRELL, M. D.  
PAT MURPHY, M. D.  
DEWELL GANN, M. D.  
ANDERSON WATKINS, M. D.  
R. B. MOORE, M. D.  
ROBERT CALDWELL, M. D.  
A. M. ZELL, M. D.  
C. McRAE, M. D.





I. Howell-

## The Seniors '22-'23

### OFFICERS

PRESIDENT-----Virginia Richardson  
VICE PRESIDENT-----Irene Powell  
SECRETARY AND TREASURER-----Martha Jane Prince



*Motto:* "Hitch your wagon to a star"

*Flower:* White Carnation

*Colors:* Gold and Black



### CLASS ROLL

EMMA WITTENBURG  
ESSIE HATFIELD  
IRENE POWELL  
MYRTLE HORTON  
MARTHA JANE PRINCE  
VIRGINIA RICHARDSON

MARION REDMOND  
MARY MUNGER  
AGNES BAUM  
FLORENCE BELL  
JANE HUDSON  
ZOE CASEY



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JANE ANNIS, '22 MASCOT



VIRGINIA RICHARDSON, ARKADELPHIA, ARK.

Class President

"A merry heart doeth good like medicine."

Known as	- - - - -	"Richie"
Favorite passtime	- - - - -	"Horseback riding"
Favorite expression	- - - - -	"You know what I mean"
Economy	- - - - -	Small feet
Eccentricity	- - - - -	Being Composed
Extravagance	- - - - -	Bobbed hair
Greatest accomplishment	- - - - -	"Jigging"
Greatest fault	- - - - -	Association with probationers
Destiny	- - - - -	Surgical Nursing





IRENE POWELL, BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

### Vice President Senior Class

"She's sweet as she's fair."

Known as	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	"Egyptian Queen"
Favorite passtime	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Making red blood counts
Favorite expression	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	"Aw! darn"
Economy	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Adipose tissue
Extravagance	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Natural curls
Eccentricity	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Southern drawl
Greatest fault	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Correcting probationers
Greatest accomplishment	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Laughing
Destiny	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Social welfare work in the big city



MARTHA JANE PRINCE, ATHENS, GEORGIA

### Secretary and Treasurer Senior Class

"In spite of all the learned have said, I still my own opinion keep."

[illegible]





MYRTLE HORTON, BENTON, ARKANSAS

Valedictorian

"A noble type of good heroic womanhood."

Known as	- - - - -	Myrt
Favorite passtime	- - - - -	Going to church
Favorite expression	- - - - -	"Aw! shoot"
Economy	- - - - -	Eye brows
Extravagance	- - - - -	Freckles
Eccentricity	- - - - -	Sighing
Greatest fault	- - - - -	Talking about Saline County
Greatest accomplishment	- - - - -	Keeping up with the cotton market
Destiny	- - - - -	Life as it comes



AGNES PHILOMENE BAUM, FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS

## Class Poet

"To talk well is a talent, but to be a good listener  
is a fine art."

Known as	- - - - -	"Ag"
Favorite passtime	- - - - -	Writing to Harry
Favorite saying	- - - - -	"Oh! well"
Economy	- - - - -	Hair
Extravagance	- - - - -	Pleasing Dr. French
Eccentricity	- - - - -	Wanting a vacation
Greatest fault	- - - - -	Too many daily letters
Greatest accomplishment	- - - - -	Caring for 3x
Destiny	- - - - -	New York City







EMMA WITTENBURG, CABOT, ARKANSAS

"The woman of meditation is happy, not for an hour or day, but quite round the circle of years."

Known as	- - - - -	"Whit"
Favorite passtime	- - - - -	Gossiping
Favorite expression	- - - - -	"There is some dirt"
Economy	- - - - -	Size
Extravagance	- - - - -	Diamonds
Eccentricity	- - - - -	Up for emergencies
Greatest fault	- - - - -	Self pity
Greatest accomplishment	- - - - -	Doing her duty
Destiny	- - - - -	A farmer's wife





FLORENCE BELL, PIGGOTT, ARKANSAS

"A thought is mental dynamite."

Known as	- - - - -	Bell
Favorite passtime	- - - - -	Staying on duty
Favorite saying	- - - - -	"I don't believe it"
Economy	- - - - -	Kindness
Extravagance	- - - - -	Being different
Eccentricity	- - - - -	Learning Obstetrics
Greatest fault	- - - - -	Speed
Greatest accomplishment	- - - - -	Thinking long and hard
Destiny	- - - - -	Obstetrician



MARY MUNGER, DEXTER, MISSOURI

"A sunny face, contented mind,  
With mirth and wisdom all combined."

Known as	- - - - -	Munger
Favorite passtime	- - - - -	Riding in a Studebaker
Favorite expression	- - - - -	"You say it snowed"
Economy	- - - - -	Wash rags
Evtravagance	- - - - -	Black hair
Eccentricity	- - - - -	Writing letters
Greatest fault	- - - - -	Wearing men's ties
Greatest accomplishment	- - - - -	Dancing
Destiny	- - - - -	Mrs ??? in Dexter, Missouri





JANE HUDSON, DARDANELLE, ARKANSAS

"Frivolity and deep thought are never companions."

Known as	- - - - -	Jane
Favorite passtime	- - - - -	Picture shows
Favorite saying	- - - - -	"Well, I don't know"
Economy	- - - - -	Height
Extravagance	- - - - -	Kindness
Eccentricity	- - - - -	Avoiding gossip
Greatest fault	- - - - -	Trailing her feelings behind, where others often step
Greatest accomplishment	- - - - -	Writing notes
Destiny	- - - - -	Private practice



ZOE CASEY, COAL HILL, ARKANSAS

"I can cheerfully take it now, or  
with equal cheerfulness wait."

Known as	- - - - -	Casey Jones
Favorite passtime	- - - - -	Going to Aunt Roses'
Favorite saying	- - - - -	"Shoot"
Economy	- - - - -	Freckles
Extravagance	- - - - -	Working others
Eccentricity	- - - - -	Telling everybody
Greatest fault	- - - - -	Forgetting to get up in A. M.'s
Greatest accomplishment	- - - - -	Extending sympathy
Destiny	- - - - -	Nursing, nursing, nursing



## CLASS COLORS

G—for gold we do not ask.  
O—only for a part to make way.  
L—for love we practice each day.  
D—is for duty by which we are bound.

A—for another day to make a  
N—for a name you'll surely get, if the  
D—for doctor you don't respect.

B—for better nurses we'll all be, for  
L—stands for loyal we will ever be.  
A—for another chance to show how professional we can be.  
C—for class we all dislike but  
K—stands for "Kant miss"—and we won't.

IRENE POWELL.





## Who's Who in the Senior Class

---

THE BIGGEST CROQUETTE.....	AGNES BAUM
THE PRETTIEST GIRL.....	IRENE POWELL
THE BIGGEST EATER.....	FLORENCE BELL
THE SWEETEST GIRL.....	JANE HUDSON
THE MOST INTELLIGENT GIRL.....	MARY MUNGER
THE MOST POPULAR GIRL.....	MARION REDMOND
THE DEEPEST THINKER (?).....	ZOE CASEY
THE CUTEST GIRL.....	VIRGINIA RICHARDSON

## SENIOR CLASS POEM

Of numbers we have ten,  
And each one has her duty;  
We're strong in power and worth, although  
We have no raving beauty.  
We will let no one call us "poor three years,"  
Or smile on us with contempt and pity;  
I tell you right now, we're  
Going to be the very best nurses in this old city.  
For here is our motto,  
The world cannot deny its worth,  
"Hitch your wagon to a star"—  
Some may rave in glow and mirth,  
But right now we will show the world,  
As we go forth to duty,  
We can an honor flag unfurl.

AGNES BAUM.



## Class Prophecy

Eight years after my graduation from S. V. I., Zoe Casey and I started with a party of tourists through Europe. As all the members of the party possessed the happy faculty of being good sailors, it was possible for us to enjoy to the fullest extent the beautiful sights en route and the still more beautiful ones of the old country.

A few days after our arrival, we were strolling leisurely along one of the crooked and ancient streets of Paris when we were suddenly startled by the appearance of a well-dressed gentleman, who, without any warning, and gesticulating rather wildly, broke upon our party. When recognitions had time to become mutual we were overjoyed to find one of our Staff Doctors of old S. V. I., and it was with great difficulty that we repressed our hilarity long enough to make an appointment that would give us a chance of learning something concerning our old friends and classmates of S. V. I.; therefore it was arranged that on the following evening, after attending Faust at the great Opera House of Paris, we formed a little dinner party, thus enjoying the presence of our old friend and at the same time we might glean all the information possible concerning our classmates in the States.

After Doctor Webb had explained his mission as a member of a research party en route to the Holy Land, and given us rather detailed information of his extensive travels prior to this time, we settled down to a real old-fashioned chat with "Dame Gossip."

The first item of interest was a paragraph in a very recent letter from the U. S. A. telling of the marriage of Emma Wittenburg to a very wealthy journalist of international fame, so we naturally formed a mental picture of our old Senior seated in a magnificently equipped library pouring over volume after volume relating to her once pet subject, Pediatrics.

While we were rejoicing over Miss Wittenburg's good fortune, Zoe suddenly remembered that she had a letter in her possession addressed in strange, unfamiliar handwriting. Hoping to hear more good news, we readily excused and even insisted on her reading the letter, which was from Irene Powell, who had very recently been appointed New York State Public Health Instructor, and she and Myrtle Horton, who for some time had been achieving wonderful results in Laboratory work in New York City, were to live together in a cozy little apartment furnished by the handsome wife of the wealthy and leading surgeon of the city; she who had been a nurse in her younger days was no other than our Marion Redmond, who had, since her marriage to this famous physician, given

her time, wealth and energy in rendering available every possible comfort to the members of her old profession struggling in the large city.

Realizing that the time was passing rapidly, Doctor Webb availed himself of the opportunity to give somewhat briefly whatever information possible of the other members of our class. Essie Hatfield had settled down to humdrum married life in a pretty little bungalow just outside the limits of Atlanta, Georgia, and had for a nearby neighbor our old friend Mary Munger, who, though enjoying all the comforts of a luxuriously furnished home, and the happiness of wedded life, still clung to her old love of joy-riding.

Our "Tomboy Girl," Virginia Richardson, had for several years been supervisor of Physical Training in the University of Wisconsin and is surely but slowly scaling the ladder of fame in her pet pastime and still considering herself President of the Class of '22-'23, insists upon calling a class meeting in the near future to renew the old love that rests in each of our hearts.

Our old friend Agnes Baum, who won the palm of victory in the operating room, is doing beneficent work for all charitable institutions, especially those caring for the sick. She was most fortunate in captivating the heart and winning the hand of a wealthy philanthropist whose fame and name is nation-wide because of his far-reaching charity to the poor and needy. Thus the influence of this firm little character is telling for good on thousands of her fellow creatures.

Our only classmate who is yet in the ranks of active workers is Florence Bell, who has become not only a most efficient teacher and scholarly writer on Obstetrics, but superintends and directs her best efforts in perfecting the department of Obstetrics in a large hospital in one of our Eastern cities. We were also surprised and delighted to learn that Jane Hudson is most successful in the supervision of the operating rooms, and woe betide the one who, in the smallest detail, is not most careful of technique.

Thus as the clock in the tower of Notre Dame struck three, we were wending our way homeward, but in spirit we were back in the halls of old St. Vincent's, living again those days of happy memory.

MARTHA JANE PRINCE.



"HITCH YOUR WAGON TO A STAR"

At the zenith of our lives  
Many planets rise and shine  
To light us o'er life's pathway—  
Bright stars, yours and mine.

Let not thoughts of fame or self  
Eclipse the brightness of your star,  
Lest on the sands of life ye'll stumble  
Ere its time to "Cross the Bar."

In the highways and the by-ways  
May thy spirit, pure as flame,  
Seek your duty—go and do it,  
All in Our Father's Name.

As you travel onward, upward,  
The way will not seem far  
If you make another's burden lighter  
And keep your eyes upon your Star.

So reach your hand down to another—  
Bring him up to where you are;  
In this way, and no other, can you—  
"Hitch your wagon to a Star."

FLORENCE BELL.

## Senior Class History

In the Autumn of 1919, behind the walls of S. V. I., there entered a band of youthful aspirants to the one great calling which is accessible to youthful womanhood of every creed. At that time we were thirteen strong, but so true to the adage of misfortune in this number, we were reduced to ten, and ten today we remain.

Reflecting upon the canvass of the past, we might relate to you some of the happenings from the long slow climb of probation days to graduation, though to some who have not trespassed upon this same bewildering path, our sketch may appear dry and uninteresting; nevertheless, to us, each word is replete with countless memories of each day's experiences with new people and under new conditions.

The first and one of the hardest things we had to learn was that, at 5:15 a. m. everybody must desert bed. Forty-five minutes later, by a bell, we were summoned to Mass in the dear little chapel which has become our haven of rest; 'tis here we often take our sorrows and our fears.

Probation days at that time lasted two months. Thanks to the fact we lived then and not now, when one spends three months without the cherished cap and bib, the badge of authority that brings to one respect due a nurse.

Close came the call from probation days to junior months. "Steps by which we climb." In a childish way it was a happy feeling to walk down the long corridors in full dress and admire ourselves. I will say we admired ourselves, for I feel that we often departed from "ethics" long enough to cast an approving glance upon our shadows.

As weeks passed quickly, we directed our thoughts to other fields: class work, lectures, and the real responsibilities of nursing make themselves felt as our poor shoulders begun to feel the pressure of her weights, hung ounce by ounce without pity for our frailty. Far be it from any of us to forget our first surgical dressing, first private case, and, last but not least, our first doctor to please or displease.

By the time each of us had explored fully the realms of Junior life and comfortably located ourselves within its walls, we were suddenly jarred into intermediacy, a state which covered a few more lectures, classes and duties, but yet denied us the privileges of Seniors.

But, Seniors, yes, real Senior days came at last! "We shan't mind another thing we have to do." No, no, that's not a resolution and we won't keep it; operating room duty is yet to be spent and we have to take



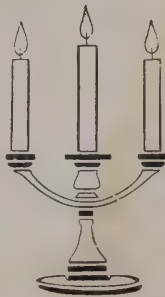
the blame for the mistakes of Juniors, and every one else; it's far from us to love to go a dozen times a day to hear the complaint: "The young nurse didn't do this and she didn't do that, and she did exactly what she wasn't supposed to do at all."

None of us like to be models for the younger nurses, but we can, since we have it to do, and Sister and Miss McCracken will never know—because we love them so.

Long, long the way our feet have come,  
And thorny, too, and rough to some;  
But now the goal salutes the game,  
The last of our training school days.

As we go forth to duty, ten strong,  
To right the thralls, the foes of wrong;  
Oh! Alma Mater, while to three we bow,  
Place thy hand of blessing upon our brow!

IRENE POWELL,  
*Class Historian.*





NURSERY



NURSERY





X-RAY ROOM



RECORD ROOM

## THE SAME OLD THING

The world grows better year by year,  
Because some nurse in her little sphere  
Puts on her apron and smiles and sings  
And keeps on doing the same old thing.

Taking temperatures, giving pills,  
To cure mankinds numerous ills;  
Feeding the baby, answering the bells,  
Being polite with a heart that rebels.

Longing for home and all the while  
Wearing the same old professional smile;  
Blessing the new born baby's first breath,  
Closing the eyes that are stilled in death.

Taking the blame for the doctor's mistakes  
Oh! dear, what a lot of patience it takes.  
Going off duty at seven o'clock,  
Tired, discouraged and ready to drop.





## Intermediate Class

GRACE OATS.....	President
NORMA HAMPTON.....	Vice President
ETHEL COLBURNE.....	Secretary and Treasurer

*Motto:* Semper Fidelis  
*Colors:* White and green  
*Flower:* White rose

MARGARET LAMB.....	Editor
JIMMIE McLEMORE.....	Prophet
RUBY BISHOP.....	Poet
IZETTA MOORE.....	Critic
GEORGIA AYERS.....	Musician

### ROLL CALL

GRACE OATS	EDITH BARNES
NORMA HAMPTON	JIMMIE McLEMORE
GEORGIA AYERS	EMMA WINTERS
ETHEL COLBURNE	HELEN VANPELT
MARGARET LAMB	RUTH GIUDICI
RUBY BISHOP	CELIA WERNER
SYLVIA McCRAVEY	GRACE WILCOX
THELMA McGREW	KATHERINE McCrackin
IZETTA MOORE	



LABORATORY



OBSTETRICAL DEPARTMENT





LABORATORY

## To Saint Vincent's

The summer sun is falling on the loveliest spot of all—  
The summer sun is gleaming through our dear S. V. I. halls.  
The autumn months are coming and the leaves are bright as gold;  
All nature seems to smile upon this graduating fold.

We love to cast a backward glance upon those happy years,  
When kindly words from Sisters helped to cast away our tears.  
But now we have come to realize these blissful days are past,  
And in a vastly different sphere our future will be cast.

What song, O dear S. V. I., shall we sing in praise to thee?  
Ah, thou hast taught us how to live, this shall our tribute be,  
That by living and nursing we may ever prove our loyalty and love  
And may our song, sweet blessing bring, to thee from Heaven above.

IRENE POWELL.





## Junior Class

EDNA MOOK.....President  
 HALLIE BOSSHARDT.....Vice President  
 KATHERINE WERNER.....Secretary and Treasurer

*Motto:* "We came, we saw, we conquered"

*Class Colors:* Blue and white

*Flower:* Lily of the valley

FABRICE KETCHEN.....Post

MAE METZGER.....

LEONE BELL.....

MARGARET SULLIVAN

Secretary

### ROLL CALL

HELEN JUDD  
 ADDIE McDANIELS  
 EDNA MOOK  
 LAVINIA LIVINGSTON  
 LEONE BELL  
 KATHERINE WERNER  
 GLENNA BUFFINGTON  
 LELA WEEKS  
 HALLIE BOSSHARDT  
 LUCY JANE BRANNON  
 JESSAMINE JEFFRIES

MARY BAUM  
 GRACE BAILEY  
 ELIZABETH SULLIVAN  
 MAE METZGER  
 GRACE CANNOUGHTON  
 FLOY KIRKLAND  
 WENCIE HENDRIX  
 RUDIE STEELE  
 MARGARET ELSKIN  
 MARTHA BLUNDELL  
 FABRICE KETCHEN



AMBULANCE ENTRANCE



S. V. I. CHAPEL



## Parodies

The biggest thing at S. V. I. .... The Juniors' opinion of themselves

The longest thing at S. V. I. .... Three years training

The shortest thing at S. V. I. .... Time for Doctor Caldwell to operate

The loudest thing at S. V. I. .... Wreck of the pan sterilizer

The "handsomest" thing at S. V. I. .... The enternees

The easiest thing at S. V. I. .... To get in late

The catchiest thing at S. V. I. .... Miss Sheridan

The hardest thing at S. V. I. .... To get all your laundry

The smallest thing at S. V. I. .... Sister Bernarda's opinion of the operating  
room nurses

The driest thing at S. V. I. .... The ice tea pitcher

The quietest thing at S. V. I. .... The nurses' home

The most frequent thing at S. V. I. .... Pharm. pills

The fastest thing at S. V. I. .... The fire escape

The happiest thing at S. V. I. .... The Senior class



DOCTORS' INSTRUMENT CASE



OPERATING ROOM



## Trained Nursing

As the art of nursing is so closely allied to the birth, growth and development of the hospital, it follows that a knowledge of the one necessarily implies that of the other.

The word Hospital is a derivation from the Latin hospitium (a guest house), as originally, hospital meant a place of reception for strangers. In the course of time, however, due to the long development through which the hospital, with its varied methods of nursing has passed, its use was naturally restricted to institutions for the care of the sick.

While among savage tribes, particularly the ancient Germans, the sick and feeble were often put to death, we find more humane practices among the more civilized peoples; it is worthy of note that as early as 300 B. C., Princess Macha founded a hospital in Ireland and provided ample nursing care for the sick.

From the Papyri, we learn that the Egyptians considered sickness as a punishment of sin, consequently the means employed to restore health were somewhat religious in character, as we even find accounts of clinics held in the temples. Similar customs prevailed in Greece and Rome.

It is worthy of note that among pagan peoples the care of the sick bears no proportion to the advance of civilization; that it was not until the coming of Christ that the doctrine of mercy and charity was inculcated and followed by His adherents, who took upon themselves the sacred duty of caring for the sick; this duty, however, devolved in a more special manner upon bishops, presbyters and deacons, the bishop's house above all others being kept open to strangers, and especially to those were in need of nursing attention. Other citizens were also provided to extend their charity to those who could not be accommodated at the bishop's residence. Thus we see, even in those remote times, a well organized system of caring for the suffering poor.

As to the date and location of the first hospital, it is largely a matter of dispute. According to some writers St. Zoticus built one at Constantinople during the reign of Constantine. Be that as it may, the most authentic and famous foundation was that of St. Basil at Caesarea in Cappadocia (369). This great institution for the care of the sick so deeply impressed St. Gregory by its extent and efficiency, that he speaks of it as "an easy ascent to heaven"; in truth it was a monument of sanctity, efficiency and learning; as to size, it assumed the dimensions of a city with its streets, buildings for different classes of patients, and

separate dwellings for doctors and nurses. Truly, indeed, we find here not only the foundation of hospitals but of trained nursing as well.

In rapid succession and imitating as closely as possible their model, hospitals were founded throughout the East.

In the West, the earliest foundation was that of Rome, about 400; and similar institutions, with adequate nursing corps sprung up and flourished wherever the Gospel of Christ spread its message of mercy and charity.

In France the first hospital was the Hotel Dieu, founded at Lyons by King Childebert in the sixth century. The Hotel Dieu of Paris was founded by Landry, Bishop of Paris, in the seventh century.

The Military Orders deserve mention in their care of the sick, though increasing wealth and abuses latterly crept in, destroying for the most part the reputation they had gained for charity in their earlier days.

In the guilds, brotherhoods and endowments of municipalities of the Middle Ages, we find the beginning of the City Hospital; in fact, in spite of the wars, famines and pestilences of this time, it is easy to note the outstanding feature of all hospitals, whether secular or religious—namely, the best possible care of the sick under the circumstances. Thus we see in spite of the appalling drawbacks of the often maligned Middle Ages, we, with our modern methods of a boasted enlightened century, have yet much to learn and far more to imitate, for the “sake of God as well as man.”

During the period following the so-called Reformation, when Catholic institutions were confiscated indiscriminately, we find the sick, especially the sick poor, without nursing care or even shelter. The reconstruction period, however, was marked by energetic and decisive measures in not only restoring hospitals to their pristine vigor, but by introducing the most improved methods known and studied at the time.

Coming down to our own times and country we find the first home for the sick established before 1524, in City of Mexico, by Cortes, in gratitude to God for the graces and mercies bestowed upon him in permitting him to discover New Spain. The institution was called Hospital de al Purissima Concepcion, later Jesus Nazareno, and is still in existence. Numerous hospitals sprung up and flourished throughout Latin America, rendering most efficient service until their suppression in 1820.

In the United States the first hospital was erected on Manhattan Island about 1663, by Surgeon Varrevanger, for the reception of sick soldiers who had been imposed upon private families. From that beginning to the present time there has been a steady increase not only in the number of hospitals, but in the equipment, modern methods and, above all, in affording the most excellent training for nurses.

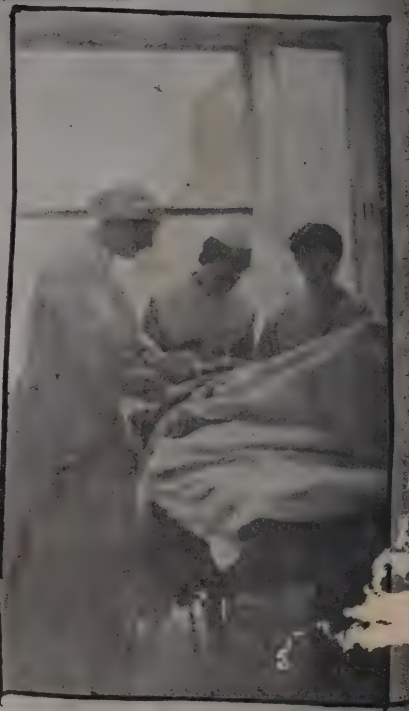


Therefore to the Middle Ages we owe primarily our first debt regarding the nursing care of the sick; secondly, to the Brothers and Sisters of the various nursing orders, and, lastly, to the many secular organizations, of whom Florence Nightingale may justly be styled the founder and promoter. Her work in Crimea was the outcome of a generous self-sacrificing nature, and after her return from the battlefields she entered heart and soul into the work of organizing young women into bands for definite and systematic training; but while we extol one heroic figure who "gave her life that others might live," let us not forget the thousands of these noble souls who, for the love of Christ, gave their all for suffering mankind, and have gone silently to graves "unknown, unwept and unsung." To them hardships meant nothing; modern conveniences were for the most part unknown, but in their humble, charitable and unobtrusive lives, they gave their all ministering to the sick as to the person of Christ Himself, and herein we find the secret of their success.

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I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and I will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to elevate the standard of my profession, and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping, and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling. With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care!

—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE OATH.







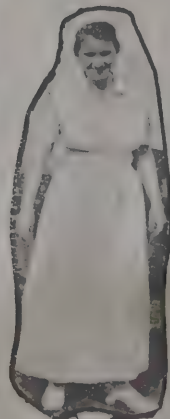
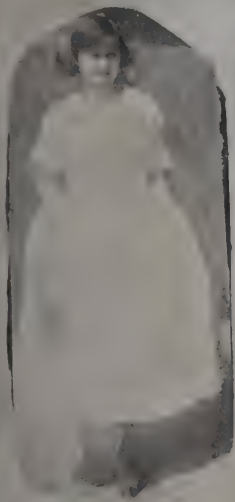


















## THE STUDENT'S CREED—I WILL

I will blot out of my life the failure that comes from wasted hours, and write into it the successes that come from time well spent.

I will keep life's pages clean, and fill it with the record of knowledge gained.

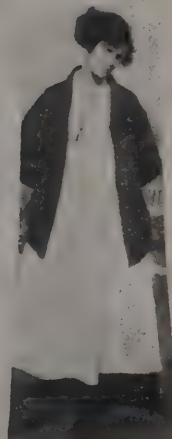
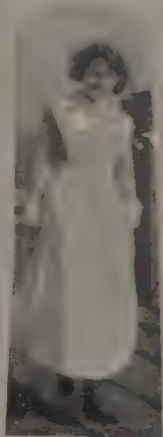
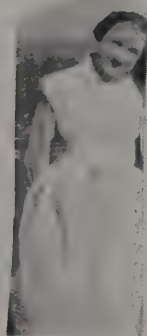
I will fix my eyes on the goal of my ambition and hold my hand to its task.

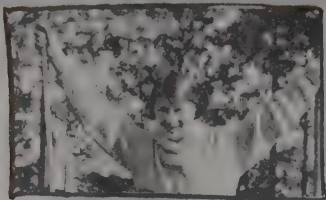
I will work hard, hope high, and live up to the best that is in me, when I can write at the end, "Well Done."

## MY DAILY DESIRE

To awaken each morning with a smile brightening my face; to greet the day with reverence for the opportunities it contains; to approach my work with a clear mind; to hold ever before me, even in the doing of little things, the *ultimate purpose* toward which I am working; to meet men and women with laughter on my lips and love in my heart; to be gentle and kind and courteous through all the hours; to approach the night with weariness that ever woos sleep and joy that comes from work well done—this is how I desire to waste wisely my days.













WALKER ROOM



CHILDREN'S WARD





# JOKES.

"Richie"

## Our Jokes

"It's hard to tickle every mind,  
For brand new jokes are hard to find,  
So should an ancient one appear,  
Dressed up in modern guise,  
Don't frown and turn your head—  
Just laugh, don't be too wise."

Miss McCracken: "What drug is used in the eyes?"

Livinia Livingston: "Arkola."

Dr. Ogden: "What is the femur?"

Miss Hudson: "The longest bone in the world."

If conceit were consumption the Seniors would all be on their way to Denver.

Dr. Bently had a patient who was so cross-eyed that the tears ran down his back, and upon being asked by one of the nurses as to the treatment given he answered: "Yes, friend, I'm going to treat him for bacteria."

Preliminary to an operation Dr. Scarborough asked for a razor. Immediately Miss Richardson began to raise the table. Dr. Scarborough: "R-a-z-o-r, not r-a-z-e-r."

Poor little fly,  
Lying there dead;  
Why did you light  
On Dr. Caldwell's head?

Some folks are so dry that you could soak them in joke for a month and it would not get through their skins.

Miss Judd: "I wonder what makes my head ache so."

Miss McGrew: "Perhaps it's nature trying to express her well-known abhorrence for a vacuum."

Dr. Gann: "Describe the heart cycle."

Miss Munger: "It begins at McBurney's point."



Marion Redmond (arriving at class late): "Agnes, have I missed anything?"

Agnes Baum: "Nothing."

Dr. Jackson: "What's that bird's name over there?" (speaking of one of his new patients).

Miss Bell: "Crane, Doctor."

Mr. Kilbury's secret of getting saline in the laboratory at little cost is to make the girls cry.

Dr. Gann: "Bring me a perineal retractor."

About thirty minutes later Marion Redmond appeared upon the scene with a mouth gag perched on a hemostat.

"I stood upon a mountain,  
I gazed upon a plain,  
I saw a field of greenstuff  
That looked like waving grain.  
I took another glance at it,  
And thought it must be grass,  
But goodness gracious to my horror  
It was that Junior Class."

—By a Senior.

Miss Redmond: "Virginia, did you know that Sister is looking for you?"

Miss Richardson: "Yes, that's why she hasn't found me."

Money talks, but about all it says is "good-bye."

Miss Oates: "Is this (di)stilled water?"

Mr. Kilbury: "You don't see it moving do you?"

Miss McLemore: "What did Dr. Moore say, Miss Moore?"

Miss Moore: "He looked at my tongue and told me I was over-worked."

Patient entered with a high fever, denoting malaria, etc.

Dr. Bently: "Miss Prince, how was his temperature at the onset?"

Miss Prince: "I didn't take his temperature that way, Dr. Bently, I took it by mouth."

"I'd rather be A could B  
If I could not be an Are,  
For A could B is A may B,  
With a chance of touching par.  
I'd rather be A has been, by far,  
For A might have Been has never been,  
But A has Been was once an ARE."

Margaret Lamb: "I suppose mother will be all unstrung when she hears about this."

Katherine McCracken: "You should have wired her before hand."

Miss Powell: "Dr. Webb, tell us some medical jokes."

Mr. Kilbury: "Wait till I leave, I'm a gentleman."

Miss McCracken: "Describe the uterus."

Miss Powell: "It is a bony mass in the shape of a pear."

Miss Sheridan: "Name a ductless gland."

Miss Richardson: "The gall bladder."

The cats are out a-courting  
Upon the backyard fence;  
The young folks in the hammock  
Have just as little sense.

Virginia Richardson: "I like people who can take a joke."

Mary Munger: "Then you ought to be accepted."

Student Nurse: "Does the motor nerve in the ear make the buzzing sound there?"

Senior: "Behold in me the flower of womanhood."

Probationer: "Yes you blooming idiot."

A patient who had a dermoid cyst removed remarked to a group of students that it contained horse hair.

"Where would that come from?" inquired one of the class.

"Why," said another, "from the cauda equina, of course."

There are only two kinds of nurses when the dinner bell rings—the quick and the injured.



"To thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Miss Bell suddenly awoke to alert attention one day when she heard someone say that if one drank too much coffee they would have a coffee heart, and if one chewed too much tobacco they would have a tobacco heart, her ready question was: "If I eat a lot of sweets will I have a sweetheart?"

Irene (a negress): "Lizzie, they do be a sayin' that old man Hickens has locomotor ataxy."

Lizzie: "Well, he's got de money to run one of dem if he wants to, but Ise lots ruther have my ole hoss an' buggy."

Dr. Watkins: "Do you know just what this bone technic is?"

Agnes Baum: "Oh, it's just using your head."

Lucy Jane Brannon (placing a cup of coffee on the table by one of her patients): "Looks like rain this morning."

Patient: "It smells somewhat like coffee any way, doesn't it?"

Dr. Gann left an order for one of his patients to be prepared for a right nephorectomy. Upon the patient's arrival in the operating room it was found that Miss Casey had shaved her right knee.

Doctor Dibrell: "How many bones in the sacrum?"

Miss Bell: "It really doesn't matter, they all form one in the end."

A little later in the same class: Dr. Dibrell—"Miss Bell, how many bones in the head?"

Miss Bell: "One"

Miss Hoag: "Describe strychnine."

Miss Bishop: "It is a white powder that produces beautiful dreams then later causes perfect rest."

Miss McCracken: "What is phenol?"

Miss Vanpelt: "The longest bone in the body."

There was a nurse I knew,  
Who was in for everything new,  
She bobbed her hair, so she could swear,  
And now they say she is awfully blue.

## Want Ads

WANTED: Another entrance to the X-Ray room.—Dr. D. A. Rhinehart.

WANTED: A carpenter as an assistant.—Dr. Anderson Watkins.

WANTED: Nurses who are mind-readers.—Dr. J. I. Scarborough.

WANTED: More time in which to flatter the nurses and thereby get better service.—Dr. W. H. Miller.

WANTED: A good hair restorer.—Dr. M. D. Ogden.

WANTED: A quicker way to get patients to the operating room.—Dr. C. E. Bently.

WANTED: A vacation.—The Probationers.

WANTED: Some one's sympathy.—Dr. Snodgrass.

WANTED: Nurses who can work as fast as he can.—Dr. Robert Caldwell.

WANTED: A new menu for Friday.—The Nurses.

WANTED: A way to move patients without any effort on his part.—Dr. Daly.

WANTED: A can of ether to pour down the nurses' back.—Dr. Richardson.

WANTED: A new "green carpet."—Sister Bernarda.

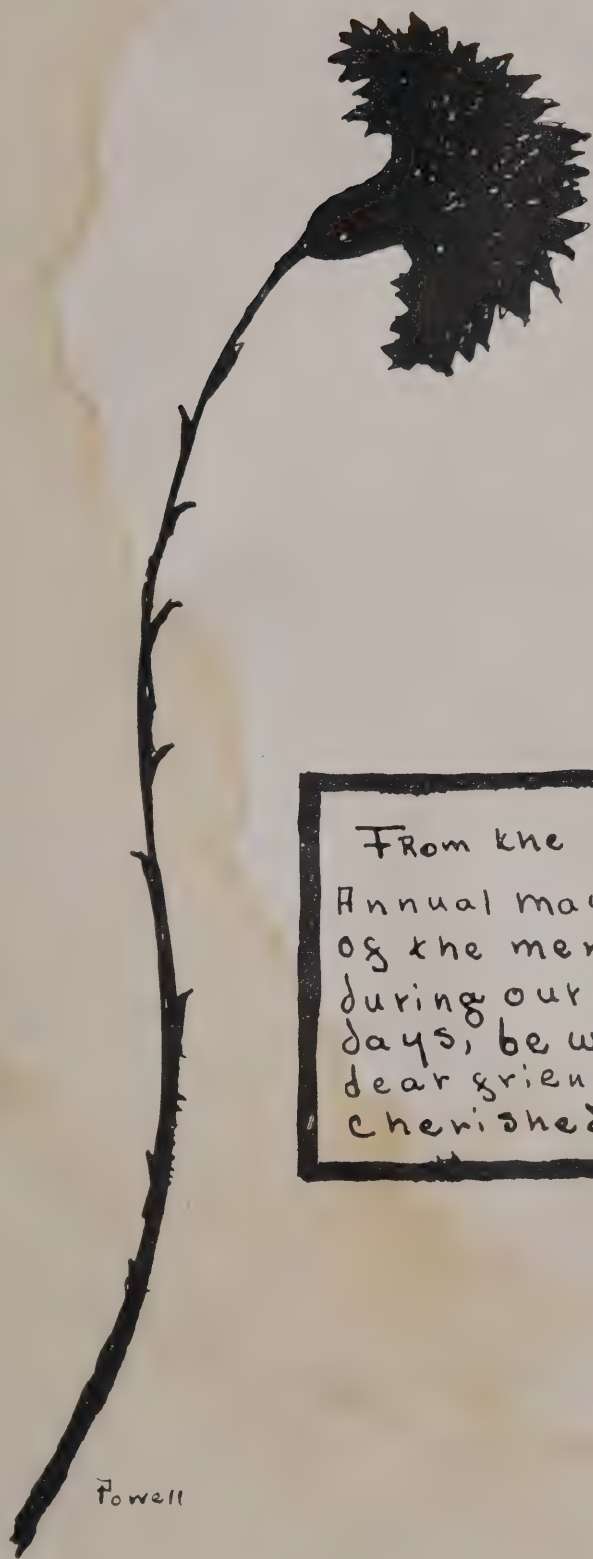
WANTED: A fire escape that isn't so slick.—The Girls.

WANTED: Any suggestion as to how to keep the buttons on the nurses' uniforms.—Miss McCracken.

WANTED: Peanuts that grow on trees.—Miss Sheridan.

Applicants should apply by letter in order to avoid physical injury, as all subjects are very severe in their judgments and it is a delicate matter to deal with.





From the pages of this  
Annual may the fragrance  
of the memories, culled  
during our training school  
days, be wafted to all the  
dear friends who peruse our  
cherished Souvenir—

## GOODBY DAYS

Goodby days;  
I never thought in long ago,  
That when you were my yesterdays—  
The sweetest ones I ever knew—  
I'd say, "I love them so."

Goodby, days;  
The cord that binds you round my heart  
Is spun of blessed memories—  
Its strands of friendship tried and true  
Will never fray or part.

Goodby, days;  
Goodby, I love you so,  
No flood of years can wash praise  
From out my heart or willing lips—  
Goodby, old campus days.



## May

1—Class over! Brightly colored magazines substituted for brown covered study books. Three hours off every day.

2—Spring is here; Margaret Lamb is lamenting the fact that she has no new clothes for her vacation.

3—Everything getting shorter, even the nurses' much loved tresees seem to be getting shorter and firmly secured under a hair net while on duty.

4—Dad has discarded his winter derby, ventures forth in a new spring bonnet; notice the envious glances.

5—Several nurses seen remodeling last spring's hats. Also notice in the paper where Woolworths are having a sale on hat trimmings.

6—All brown oxfords discarded. Princess Pats have finally worked their way into prominence. Many more nurses receive late passes.

7—Misses McLemore and McCracken suddenly take a notion to explore the block for the next week. Discover many new attractions that never before existed.

10—Horseback riding latest fad at St. Vincent's. We notice Miss Richardson and Prince standing up to eat their meals. We wonder why.

12—A new hat discovered but unable to locate the owner.

15—Pay-day—everyone ventures forth to town; returns with numerous packages.

16—Another one joins the crew—Miss Judd returns minus her appendix and most of her hair.

17—After noticing certain nurses on duty we don't blame Miss McCracken for dooming bobbed hair.

18—We notice Miss Celia Werner hurrying for once—going on her vacation.

31—Another Werner! Celia returns with her little sister, Kate.

## June

1—One month of our beloved vaaction has *went*.

4—Swimming season has started. Numerous nurses are parading the basement in brightly colored bathing suits. We even notice one of two practicing in the bath tub.

12—A dark and stormy night. The usual routine of the Misses Hampton and Bishop arguing religion,

15—'Nother pay-day.

18—We notice a little fat girl roaming the halls. Another Bell added to our flock.

22—We hear a distressing rumor that Dr. Webb is leaving. What will become of St. Vincent's without our beloved intern?

26—We notice something in a white suit with a misplaced eyebrow appearing around about the building. He is introduced as Dr. Howell, our new intern. We all seem to notice an extra heart-beat among all the nurses.

## July

1—Dr. Webb goes into practice. Dr. Roberts appears, more heart-beats.

3—Another rainy night. Miss McCraney entertains with "Maiden's Prayer." May we have less and less rainy nights.

4—Everybody going to the orphanage picnic reports a wonderful time. Fireworks noticed coming from the sleeping porch.

10—We hear that Miss Judd has such an interesting patient on night duty. Sergeant Flynn!

14—Miss Wilcox drinks the rain water Miss Werner had to wash her hair, taking it for iced tea. Miss Werner postponed her hair washing.

15—Everybody blossoms forth in clean caps.

20—Miss VanPelt receives another thrill—a good looking patient has arrived in 232.

## August

1—Miss McCracken bids us all farewell on the blackboard. Mary kisses exchanged in the hall.

2—New gossip: Grace Oats has been seen riding around in a familiar looking Ford Sedan. Keeps the nurses supplied in Blass' chocolates.

8—What a wild night. Miss Moore is suddenly awakened by a tugging at her most cherished blanket, followed by a mad rush to the sleeping porch and a wild slamming of doors.

15—Miss Katherine McCracken is somewhere on her way home, due to the trains stopping.

20—Joe B. noticed sitting from two till seven in front of the hospital. R. Giudici has evidently returned.

28—Miss Baum receives her daily letter from Harry and Miss Munger her's from James.



## September

1—Big plans abroad to meet Miss McCracken at two o'clock. She returns at one-thirty; all plans laid aside, but many kisses and happy greetings exchanged.

5—A very sad look noticed on every face. Class starts. Large crowds gather around the blackboard. Mrs. Winters fails to show up from her vacation.

6—Miss Livingston returns after a long vacation at home caused by her operation. Three of the nurses rejoice at getting to stay out till 11:30 on account of the delayed train.

7—Some more good news. We get out only on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Benches are unusually full.

8—The beginning of the end—the nurses who are newly made Seniors walk around as if some one has given them the world to keep.

9—Miss Barnes is still grumbling about being on second old floor.

10—Sister Bernarda entertains with a watermelon party on the lawn. Edna Mook and Marion Redmond wins the beauty prizes.

14—Our dearly beloved Sister Bathildis leaves us and here we are without a mother.

18—Great is our joy when we hear that our new Mother is Sister Michella. We wish her all the success in the world.

20—Sister Bernarda lectures on table manners. We are all noticed reading books entitled "table etiquette."

2—Miss Sheridan arrives. Miss McLemore complains of being extremely hungry lately.

23—Many articles of clothing missing from locker rooms and dormitories.

24—Margaret tries to kick the lockers down in the locker room. That night develops appendicitis. Too much high kicking, Miss Lamb.

25—Miss Sheridan calls meeting in class room. We see her going down the hall with a large clothes basket and on top is Miss Franklin's brown silk dress. Miss Bell also goes to bed with her usual red kimono that has been missing. We discover Madame Chase's long lost washrag in the basket.

26—Finds us scrubbing our lockers and our knickknacks so long cherished disappear from our locker doors. No one able to locate their things, as they are hidden in various parts, out of Miss Sheridan's sight.

27—Many new probationers are seen promenading the halls.

28—Miss Powell and Miss Horton are discovered in the most obscure parts of the dormitory with a young library. State board is not far off.

29—Miss Sheridan reads the names of those who have finally succeeded in making their lockers meet up to inspection and those who are still struggling.

30—Miss Kirkland has suddenly taken a fancy to making up beds: sure proof—her bed. We are all green with envy. A new moon arises in the corridor of St. Vincent's. Miss Hoag has to order a new shipment of various cosmetics. There ain't no use, girls, we hear that he is already taken.

## October

1—Five Juniors have been promoted. Gee, but ain't it a grand and glorious feeling.

2—Mr. Kilbury tries to impart some knowledge into the Intermediates' heads, but finally gives it up as a hopeless case.

3—Miss Wilcox wonders how Dr. Bently can tell that her hair is bobbed.

4—Florence Bell is the proud possessor of about eight babies. She is now Senior nurse on third annex.

6—Jane Hudson has gone into the butchering business. We notice her in the operating room.

7—Miss Sheridan declares that corsets are stylish for nurses. Marion Redmond digs down deep in her trunk for her long discarded.

8—Mary Baum is quite an inventor—of corsets.

9—We are told that we are to go with only the members of our own class. The three Eshys think, "Oh, death, where is thy sting."

10—Miss Boshardt struts out with cap.

11—Our nurses' home is slowly but surely progressing. Dr. Bently is still looking for the golden bars.

12—Mother Rose makes us a visit and proclaims a holiday for us all. May she come more often in the future.

14—Part of us make merry at Luna Park and Red Gates Inn.

18—The other half go to Bear Skin Lake. We go boating and Miss Hoag takes a sudden notion to swim in the lake—with all her best clothes on. Part of us float down the lake, unable to return. Charlie comes to the rescue. Sister Mary Linas declares she will never take us out again, as the responsibility is too great.



30—The Catholic girls mask and go to a dance. Many clowns, maids, etc., are seen walking down the steps.

31—Sister Bernarda entertains the nurses with a halloween party on fourth floor.

## November

1—Materia Medica starts and the poor Seniors and Intermediates sit up till the wee hours of the morn copying notes. A great amount of caffeine is consumed.

2—It is peculiar how many nurses can peel forth such a loud and mighty present, and such a low and meek here, when Miss Hoag calls the roll.

3—Miss Richardson is inquiring if oxygen is used for a general anesthetic. Will some of the Materia Medica class enlighten her?

5—We are becoming alarmed about Miss McGrew and a certain young man. This is the fifth month straight; something unusual.

6—The Seniors are having their beauty snapped. Much more rouge and powder sold at Schriver's today.

7—Miss Wilcox appears in the telephone booth with one black and one brown oxford. Variety is the spice of life.

8—The sheep has declared its independence by butting everybody off the front benches. Miss Judd actually runs.

10—Sister announces that Miss Baum has lost a special letter containing fifteen dollars. It is so gratifying to know that one of us are so prosperous.

11—Armistice Day. Drs. Webb and Howell start out for a hunting trip at 3 o'clock in the morning. Return with same articles they left with and nothing more. Don't get discouraged, boys, there's plenty left.

12—Speaking of minds. Miss Mary Munger says hers is a total blank; but judging from recitations her's isn't the only one.

13—Miss Moore dozes while in lecture. When awakened by Miss Hampton, calls "hello! hello!"

18—Miss Wilcox comes to class on time today. Wonders will never cease.

19—Good news awaited the nurses as they went to breakfast. It is announced that all nurses are restricted to the block for the following week. Many nurses decide that church is not such a bad place to attend after all. The front lawn looks as though we are holding a bazaar.

22—Miss Edna Mook joins the ranks of the probationers this morning. At dinner it looks as though we spent the morning vasolining our hair. We hope she will be one of us by Thanksgiving.

27—Miss Powell appears in an all-over white uniform on her first case as a graduate nurse. Congratulations, Miss Powell.

## December

1—Another "Rookie" joins the laboratory force. Mr. Kilbury is very much pleased. He thinks Miss Hampton is the best one yet.

2—Miss Hudson is seen in tears in the operating room. Nervous, we suppose.

3—One of our most efficient operating room nurses has given up her position. We see Miss Casey fondling the most precious little things you ever saw on third annex.

4—One of our new probationers is seen being nice to the waitress in the dining-room by thanking her for a tea towel which she mistook for her napkin. Train and learn. Miss Metzger, please be more careful.

5—Look, Juniors, Intermediates! Another Senior gone. Miss Horton steps out in white as a graduate nurse. One more step up the line for us.

9—Miss Moore is greatly relieved when she learns the Protestant girls went to chapel on Holy Day merely to view the altar, which was decorated, instead of seeking Catholicism.

10—Dr. Bently is evidently expecting emergencies during the holidays. He was seen presenting the operating nurses with a box of divinity. We wonder who the fair lady was that made it—"Bitter Sweets."

11—Dr. Moon is making a study of legs. Proof, Miss Giudici's curiosity was aroused over an obscure bundle he was taking to his room. Upon investigation it proved to be the leg of a cadaver.

12—The new nurses have adopted a different ailment—malaria instead of appendicitis.

13—Mary Baum is seen in tears in the basement at 5 p. m., complaining of severe pain in throat, due to the swallowing of half her tooth and because Miss Sheridan persists in not liking bobbed hair and bangs.

14—Our anxiety is at last relieved, Miss Franklin returns to training single.

15—Great is our rejoicing—clean caps and Christmas change—\$5.00.

We hope this calender is read with the same spirit in which it was written—that of good will toward all that are mentioned. Merry Christmas.



## APPRECIATION

We, the class of 1922-23, wish hereby to express our sincere gratitude to all who have encouraged and aided us in compiling our annual. We owe special thanks to the Superioress, Superintendent, Staff and fellow students of S. V. I., to the painstaking photographers and to the patient printer.

STOP!  
READ  
OUR ADS.



Fowell



## Good Counsel Society

Meets every second Wednesday night of the month in the Parish Hall, Ninth and Bishop Streets, at eight o'clock.

### OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY

MR. CHARLES PEAKER.....	President
MISS CATHERINE DUVAL.....	Vice President
MR. ROBERT PETERS.....	Secretary
MISS MARIE PAULI.....	Recording Secretary
MR. GUS PAULI.....	Treasurer

## Good Counsel Altar Society

Meetings every first Friday of the month at 3 p. m. in the Parish Hall, Ninth and Bishop Streets.

### OFFICERS

MRS. J. PETERS.....	President
MRS. A. LENSING.....	Secretary and Treasurer
MRS. C. GARDNER.....	Recording Secretary

## St. Joseph's Married Men Society

St. Joseph's Married Men's Society, of Our Lady of Good Counsel Church, meets every first Friday of the month at 8:30 p. m.

### OFFICERS

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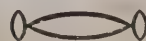


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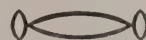
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